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For the Myrtle.

## Dody and his Friends.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

I.

**D**ODY sat on the steps of the Hospital, and wondered what would become of him now.

Dody was a ragged, dirty, dark-eyed boy, about thirteen years old. His mother had died before he could remember, and his tather had

always been at sea, leaving Dody with a poor old woman, and returning once in three years or so, to kiss his boy, pay his bills, and start off again. But this last time he had been gone longer than usual, and the papers said that the "Jane Ann" had foundered at sea, all on board lost; so Dody was an orphan.

Aunt Billings, as Dody called his protector, was not a very prepossessing person to look at, for she had shaggy locks of grey hair hanging in her neck, only two teeth, and her forehead so hid her eyes that all one could see, was now and then a little gleam behind the bushy brows; but, in a rude way to be sure, she had always been kind to Dody, and he did not mind her looks.

They had lived in a little room down near the wharves, where, by looking out of the windows, one could see, first the dirty dock covered with bales of goods, barrels, piles of dried fish, teams, men, rats, dogs, sailors, anchors, etc., etc.; then the numerous boats, ships, schooners, steamers, scows, ferrys, yachts, and hulks, with which the wharves are surrounded, and beyond, the sea, forts, and islands. It was an animating sight, and Dody was never tired of watching it; and he had plenty of time to do so, for Aunt Billings did not let him play with other boys very often, but made him help her both in doors and out, and many an hour had he passed sitting by the window picking over rags and sorting junk,—for Aunt Billings went around with a bag on her back and a little hook in her hand, and picked up everything she could find in the street to sell to the junkman, for besides Dody's board which was a very small sum, this was her only means of support. Sometimes he went with her, poking into heaps of dirt and hunting around the rear of

great stores, but oftener he was down on the wharf, picking up stray bits of wood and coal, ends of rope, pieces of worn-out sail-cloth, and now and then a little iron, or a few nails. There he would make the acquaintance of the sailors, learn their phrases; and, as he was strong and daring, help them in their labor for a few pennies, or perform dangerous feats for their amusement, asking questions about the far-away countries, which, with the natural feeling of a sailor's son, he longed to visit. But sailors don't have much time to be spinning yarns to small boys, so Dody had to be content with a meagre account, and, it must be confessed, with rather mixed ideas, for sailors are not always as particular about telling the exact truth in their stories as they might be.

Dody had been to school a little, and with a natural aptitude for figures, had learned enough arithmetic to be able to keep Aunt Billings' accounts, and could read the signs on stores, and the placards on ships, but had never looked into a book outside of the schoolroom.

Now, however, all that was changed; Aunt Billings had been sick and carried to the hospital, and after three days' illness, during which Dody had managed to live on what there was in the house to eat, he had, the morning on which our story opens, called at the hospital and been told that she was dead.

There was no more food in the pantry, no more coals for the fire, no more money to pay the rent, no more—anything; so Dody sat on the steps and wondered what he should do.

After a long cogitation he concluded to go home, collect a few things in a bundle, and start immediately for India, where live the mermaids, sea-serpents, and cannibals, for as I said before, sailors do not always tell the truth, and things were strangely mixed in Dody's mind.

He hastily crossed the city, entered the old rookery in which he had lived so long, and ran up stairs to the one room he called home.

It looked rather desolate, no fire in the stove, the floor unswept, the bed tumbled, and dust on all the furniture. Dody took his usual seat by the window, and looked out over the harbor. The busy boats were plying to and fro, the sailors were shouting cheerily at their work, the steamers were puffing and pushing along, the little tugs distractedly flying about, and the merry blue sea sparkling and dancing in the sun. But Dody saw nothing of this; he only saw his

father lying under the sea away off in China, and Aunt Billings covered with a sheet on the little bed in the hospital. Rough and noisy though she was, Aunt Billings was his only friend, she had fed him, clothed him, and taken care of him. Aunt Billings was dead, and the world looked pretty dark to Dody for a few moments.

At last he aroused himself and looked around the room,—a bedstead with a few comfortables on it, a table, two chairs, a bureau and a stove, all rickety and creaky with age and hard use.

"The furniture will pay the rent," thought Dody, "but there may be something in the bureau that I want."

He hunted through one drawer after another, but found nothing but old junk, until he came to the lower one; that contained Aunt Billings' shawl, her "other" dress, Dody's "other" shirt, a pair of scissors, and, what seemed fabulous to Dody, an old leather purse containing a few pieces of silver which Aunt Billings had collected and saved.

"By jingo!" said Dody, and clapped the purse into his pocket, then rolling up the shirt and scissors in the shawl, he prepared to take his departure.

"I'll go to the wharves, I guess, and take a ship. I can work my passage and save my money to keep house with when I get there."

He hurried to the wharves and hunted a long time before he came to a sign which said anything but "Hull and Hingham," or "St. John's," but at last with some labor, he spelled out, "Australian Packet," painted on a big board, and thinking to himself, "Seems to me they said Australia was in India, or India was in Australia, I forget which," he walked up the plank and accosted a sailor with:

"Ahoy, there, messmate, I want to go to India!"

The astonishment of the sailor can easily be imagined, when, upon turning at the sound of the voice he beheld that queer specimen of humanity, ragged and dirty, with a bundle tied up in an old shawl under his arm, his grimy face as sober and his black eyes as steady as though it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be there.

Now it happened that this man was captain of the vessel and owned several shares in her, so considered himself a person of no little importance in the world, and he had not been addressed as "Ahoy, messmate" since he was

before the mast twenty years ago. His first feeling was one of profound astonishment, his next of irrepressible mirth, and he burst into a roar of laughter, which made the old ship ring.

It was fortunate for Dody that the man was really good natured, in spite of his self-esteem, for some sea-captains would have kicked him away over into Broad Street, to punish such an utter disregard of the most important rule of ship's etiquette; and indeed, Captain Roach was by no means an amiable man when out at sea; but just at the present time he had returned from an unusually prosperous voyage, and was about to commence another under very favorable auspices, so he saw the best side of this incident and laughed until he was out of breath. Meanwhile Dody stood patiently and soberly waiting the captain's recovery from this, to him, unaccountable fit of laughter.

"You want to go to India, you little monkey," said the captain at last, jamming his thumb under his belt. "Then why in blazes don't you go?" and again his hearty "Ho, ho!" roiled out over the ship.

Several sailors attracted by the scene left their work and gathered near to see the fun, and by their respectful distance and other unmistakable signs, Dody perceived he was talking with the master, so his dirty hand touched the thing he called a hat, and he said in an altogether different tone:

"I didn't know you was the capting, sir, but I do want to go to India with you."

"By way of Greenland?" asked the man with more laughter.

"Isn't India in Australia?" innocently inquired Dody, and the captain was not alone in the burst of merriment which followed, for the sailors had gradually stepped nearer and nearer, until Dody and his captain were the centre of quite a group, which roared like a pack of lions at Dody's mistake.

Dody's dignity could not stand quite so much fun at his expense, so with the sole remark: "I don't see as I would ever get anywhere on this ship, for they do nothing but laugh!" he turned and stalked away, like an offended bantam rooster, and the last thing he heard from that ship was a jolly shout, raised by a remark from the captain: "Blast the little imp, he isn't taller than the capstan, and he called me 'messmate!'"

Dody wasn't used to being laughed at in that way. The sailors of his acquaintance had rather

petted him, and admired his bravery and smartness; so when they had laughed it was complimentary instead of derisive, and his boyish heart swelled with indignation and wounded pride as he tramped away, and he began to doubt whether he had better go to India after all. His sailor friends did not go so far, with one exception, and he was now far away sailing toward that wonderful country, so Dody determined to turn his attention to something else, and wait until his friend returned. He walked slowly away from the shipping revolving the question after this fashion:

"When I have made up my mind to do anything I don't like to give up too easy; and I don't want to feel as if I was a coward to be scared out of a thing just because an old heathen laughed at me; but I really don't think I'll go to India, they don't talk my language there and I might have a pretty rough time of it with the mermaids and scorpions—scorpions—let me see, did Bill say the scorpions were in India, or was it in Greenland?"

"Look out, youngster!" cried a voice, but it was too late, and Dody was knocked down by a horse, and both wheels of a buggy ran over one of his legs.

The carriage stopped and an elderly gentleman jumped out and came running up to where Dody, pale and dizzy was trying to arise, and wondering what had happened.

Quite a crowd gathered, and somebody helped the boy to a sitting posture, and held him while the gentleman who had run over him breathlessly asked:

"Are you hurt? Is your leg broken? What is your name? I'll carry you home. Where do you live?"

All this time Dody sat blinking his eyes and trying to collect his senses, and, very naturally, the first thing that came into his mind was the last thing that had gone out of it; so looking up in a bewildered way he asked:

"Are there scorpions in India?"

"Poor boy, he is delirious!" said the gentleman, who was a doctor. "There, put him in my carriage, and I will take him home until I find where he lives."

So Dody and his bundle were packed into the good physician's chaise; Dody's mind being too full of scorpions, icebergs, mermaids and volcanoes to know what was going on.

*Eva B. Miller.*



For the Myrtle.

## " Pearls before Swine."

**L**ITTLE one over the gateway leans,  
Plucks a bough from the vine that screens,  
Holds it out to the dog below  
Hoping to make acquaintance so, —  
" Have a posy, doggie?"

Little one wastes its coaxing powers;  
Dogs are dogs, and flowers are flowers;  
Fairest flower that ever bloomed,  
Flower that an angel's breath perfumed,  
Would have no charm for doggie.

H. A. B.



BRIDGE & RUSSELL CO.

For the Myrtle.

### A Vain Little Girl.



H! how nice we look!" said Alice Graham. Her sister Minnie turned from the mirror, before which she had been busily practising airs for the last few minutes, to find that her mother and sister Alice had been observing the interesting pantomime. "How *very* nice we look!" continued Alice with increased emphasis. It was a face deeply dyed with blushes that Minnie turned toward her sister; many times had she been cautioned against her silly pride of dress, and many times had she resolved to overcome it, but here was the old habit again showing itself. Minnie knew very well that Alice was laughing at her; she was ashamed of having been seen displaying so much vanity. Too confused to vindicate herself, she took her books and hurried away to school, inwardly resolving never to give any one cause to call her vain again.

But it often takes many earnest efforts to overcome even one bad habit, and that is one reason why we should be so very careful never to form habits from which we might wish to be freed. As days passed, Minnie thought less and less

often of her good resolution and slid back into the old ways again.

One afternoon she was invited with several young friends to visit a schoolmate. No one who saw her could help noticing how proud she was of a very pretty pair of shoes she wore. Some of the party proposed a walk and they started to cross a field in which a number of cows were grazing. Minnie noticed with some uneasiness, that a cow was approaching her; the animal quickened her pace, and feeling sure she had hostile intentions toward herself, Minnie screamed and ran. The other children called to her, but she did not heed. Not minding where her steps were leading her, Minnie soon found that both feet were in a shallow ditch — not filled with water, but with the blackest mud, that adhered to and completely covered her pretty shoes. Her playmates laughed long and heartily at the figure she cut, and Minnie knew they laughed the louder for having witnessed her silly pride of those same shoes, and the shame that she felt as she stood there exceeded the pride she had shown before.

After much pains-taking the shoes were cleaned so that Minnie could wear them home, but their beauty was gone forever. The cow that had been the innocent cause of her trouble had mistaken Minnie for her little mistress, and was only running to get the lump of salt, or bunch of fresh grass she was sure of receiving from her hand, for Brindle was the little maiden's especial pet.

When Minnie reached her home and told the story of her soiled shoes, her mother gave her this verse from Proverbs to learn. "When cometh pride then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdom." Minnie still remembers the lesson of that afternoon and has learned that good people judge the young as well as the old, not by the richness of their apparel, but by the qualities of heart and mind. H. H. D.

Though thou seest another openly offend, or even commit some enormous sin, yet thou must not from thence take occasion to value thyself for thy superior goodness; for thou canst not tell how long thou wilt be able to persevere in the narrow path of virtue. All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none as frail as thyself.

TRUE greatness of life is to be master of ourselves.

## The Brown Towel.

We had a holiday, and a party of girls were going to the woods on a picnic. Each one was to bring something for lunch. We had our brothers to go out and fix up a swing for us; but we did not want them with us, as we wanted to have a good time all by ourselves. We reached the spot selected for the day's enjoyment in good time, where we played hide and seek among the trees, and skipped the rope, and enjoyed our swing until dinner time, when we were hungry as wolves.

The little round baskets were brought out, and taken charge of by some of the older girls, who told the smaller ones to go and play while they would spread the table on a large rock. We, the smaller ones, did not like the plan; but had not the courage to say so, so we had to submit. We did not go far away; so we could see the baskets emptied, and hear all the big girls said. Pies, tarts, cookies, and cakes came forth in plenty. "Oh, oh," we cried in the distance, "how good, how tempting!" "Who brought this?" and "Who brought that?" And of course every child that had brought anything particularly nice, was quite ready to say to whom it belonged. By-and-by a little basket was opened, and a brown towel full of cookies dropped out. My heart beat.

"A brown towel!" cried one of the large girls.

"How vulgar! I couldn't eat a cookie out of a brown towel. Hadn't her mother a nice napkin, I should like to know?"

"A brown towel!" echoed another, throwing it down on the grass as if it had been a big spider.

"Whose is it?" eagerly asked the little girls, looking on. Trembling and mortified, I drew my hat down over my face and turned away, for it was mine.

"You aren't the brown towel," said Fannie Haven, twitching me by the sleeve; "I don't believe you are."

"Never mind if she is," said Hatty Stone, taking me by the hand; "they'll be glad enough of a brown towel before the day is over."

But my enjoyment was gone. To be laughed at by the great girls, and perhaps nick-named "brown towel!" All lunch-time I was frightened and afraid lest they should speak of it again. How I wished I was at home. And how anx-

iously I watched an opportunity to seize my poor towel, and cram it in my basket.

In the afternoon we went to the brook, and some of the girls pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded into the water. When they came out all dripping, their delicate handkerchiefs and nice little napkins did not answer at all to wipe with. What should they do?

"Oh, where's the brown towel?" cried one.

"Yes, yes, I speak for the brown towel," cried a half dozen voices at once, while all hands were stretched towards Hatty Stone, who was opening my basket to take it out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried Hatty.

Never was one towel in such demand.

"Dear me," cried one of the large girls, "how soon the foolish little napkins are used up: there is some substance to this. It makes an impression."

Poor little me, I was pleased enough. Nothing proved more serviceable in all the afternoon than my once poor despised towel. Besides water, it took off mud and pitch also. Without its help some of the party would have cut sorry figures going home.

I have not forgotten the lesson of the brown towel—never to be ashamed of things because people laugh at them. Brown hands—do not despise them; for they are the strong, toiling, busy hands which support the world. Give me the look of a brown, honest Christian face, not afraid to weather the storms of life. Do not despise the honest toiler with his brown hands and face; for he may be one of God's own dear children.

## Come to Jesus.



W, you that are bending in sadness to-day,  
Look unto the Truth, and the Life and the Way.  
Oh, why are you mourning and longing for rest,  
When Jesus invites you to come and be blest.

### CHORUS.

Come to Jesus the Saviour, oh make no delay,  
Don't wait till to-morrow, but come, come to-day;  
He will love you, and bless you, and save you above  
In the home of the blessed, the Kingdom of Love.

The road may be rugged, and narrow the way,  
That leads from this darkness to realms of day,  
But Jesus, "The Faithful," will lead you at last,  
To pleasures unending when sorrows are past.

— Little Watchman.

THE noblest question in the world is: "What good may I do in it?"



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## Anniversary S. S Meetings.

First among the meetings of Anniversary Week is the meeting of the Sabbath School Union on Sunday evening, May 24, at the Chelsea church. Subject of the meeting "Faithfulness in Teaching."

The other meeting given specially to the Sunday School cause is the annual Children's Meeting on Wednesday afternoon, held this year at the Columbus Avenue Church. Addresses are to be made. Revs. J. Smith Dodge, Jr., of Stamford, Ct., T. E. St. John of Worcester, and C. W. Biddle of Lynn.

A Young People's Conference Meeting is to be holden on Thursday evening, May 27, at the Roxbury church, Mr. E. F. Pember of Tufts Divinity School is to preside.

## Our Sunday Schools.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Forty-fifth anniversary of the Charlestown Sunday School took place on Sunday afternoon, May 10. Besides the annual reports, recitations and readings of the Scriptures were given by the School and addresses by Rev. Messrs Atwood and Farnsworth, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Stowe. The main and branch schools unite in their anniversary, reports being given from both. The main school now numbers 462 members and the branch school 150 making in all over 600

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The Sunday School at Portsmouth are making preparations for a fair, by way of "housewarming" for their new vestry. Rev. S. S. Hebbard is recently settled with the church as pastor, and on occasion of the beginning of his labors the church was made beautiful with exquisite floral decorations in unique designs, the work of the young people of the parish.

—The New Hampshire Sunday School Convention holds its session in Alstead on the 16th of June, the day preceding the State Convention. The programme is yet to be given.

### VERMONT.

—The anniversary exercises of the Brattleboro' Sunday School were held May 2d. The school numbers 360 members, one hundred and six having been added during the past year and two removed by death. Mrs. Zelia W. Harris, the pastor's wife, was re-elected Superintendent.

### OHIO.

—The great success of the rendering of the operetta "Mission of the Fairies," by the Plum St. Sunday School in Cincinnati, has induced a repetition of the performance.

—The Sunday School at Leroy is represented as having nearly doubled its membership during the past winter, and forty members have been added to the church.

—We learn from the *Star in the West* that a "praise-meeting" was held in the editor's office on the occasion of the sending of money from the treasurer of the Woman's Association to the Mission in Edinburgh. As the beginning of foreign missions in our church they thought it an occasion for prayer and praise. Rev. J. S. Cantwell read selections from the liturgy, Rev. J. G. Adams offered prayer, and all united, led by Mrs. Adams, in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

### MICHIGAN.

—The meeting of the Universalist Sunday School Convention, will be held at Concord, on the 24th and 25th days of June, A. D. 1874.

Essays will be read on the following subjects: "What is the work of the Sabbath School Institute, and how should it be conducted?" by Charles W. Garfield, Grand Rapids. "The duties of churches in regard to Sunday Schools," by Rev. J. Straub. "The Minister's relation to the Sabbath School work," by Rev. H. Palmer. "The method of work in different Sabbath Schools by compilation of reports collected," by Rev. M. B. Carpenter. "Our Sabbath School work and how to do it," by Dr. Fisk. "Blackboard Exercises Illustrated," by O. Williams.

## The Sunday School Helper.

The course of the International Series of Sunday School Lessons leads to a consideration of the Gospel of Mark, in twenty-four lessons, during the six months beginning on the 1st of July. That will afford a suitable opportunity for schools not now using the *Helper*, to adopt it. Several schools have recently voted to commence its use, among them that of the Columbus Avenue Church, Boston.

## "The Chief Business of the Sunday School."

Rev. E. L. Conger gave an address on this most vital theme at the late meeting of the Boston Association in Peabody. He made three points in regard to his subject.

1. We must teach our children reverence.
2. We must teach them faith.
3. We must teach them righteousness.

These are the things to make them not only Universalists, but Christians.

## Mind your Grammars.

Mr. Charles Barnard, the editor of a musical paper and the author of several books, has lately written a sketch of "The Boy Agassiz," which has been copied into many papers. He begins thus, "It was in Switzerland, the country of mountains and lakes. A small country, not much larger than the State of Massachusetts and shut up in the centre of Europe far away from the sea. In the western part, etc., etc. It was here that John Louis Rudolph Agassiz was born."

Does any young reader of the MYRTLE who is just dipping into the mysteries of Grammar see anything faulty in this style? We hope there are a great many, especially if they ever hope to make writers, who would be able to request Mr. Barnard to "stand up and recite" the definition of a sentence; and after he has done so, to go and hunt up his subjects and predicates.



## In the Wilderness.

For many months the children of Israel were encamped about the mountains of Sinai; but at length the word of the Lord came to Moses, bidding him break up the camp, and remove the tabernacle, and journey northward towards the "land of promise," — Canaan, that became the home of this people for many hundred years, and was afterwards called Palestine. In the second year of their sojourn in the wilderness, they made this northward journey; and if they had been obedient to the Lord, they would undoubtedly have entered very soon into their promised home.

Following the pillar of cloud and fire, the Israelites journeyed. We are told that when the cloud abode on the tabernacle they abode in their tents and journeyed not; but when it was taken up, then they journeyed. Whether it was by day or by night that the cloud was lifted, then they journeyed. And when the vast caravan moved forward with the ark at its head, Moses said, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee." And when it rested he said, "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

But the same people who had complained when they first came out of Egypt, complained again, amid the hardships of their journey. They tired of the manna which was again given them to eat, and longed for the "flesh pots" and the fresh fruits of Egypt. Their complaints and their weeping oppressed the heart of Moses and he prayed to the Lord crying out in his anguish, "I am not able to bear all this people alone, for it is too heavy for me." And the Lord heard his prayer, and all the rulers of the tribes were brought together to consult about the complaints of the people and to help Moses bear his burden.

Again the Lord sent great flocks of quails across the camp. We may suppose it was in the time of the migration of these birds, just a year from the time they had so abundantly fed the Israelites before. But the people longing for flesh, ate so greedily of this food that they sickened and died. By their own folly, the blessing became a curse to them.

They had now come near the promised land, and Moses appointed what we should now call a committee, — a selection of twelve men, one from each tribe, — to go up into Canaan and view the land and report to the people about the country, whether it was fruitful or not and about its inhabitants and their cities.

The names of these twelve are given in the thirteenth chapter of Numbers. They "searched" the land, and brought back figs and pomegranates, and a great cluster of grapes that two men bore on a staff; for such immense bunches of grapes are common in the east. They told wonderful stories of the richness of the land and said that it "flowed with milk and honey."

But when it came to the report of the inhabitants, ten of the twelve were afraid and said that the people were giants, of great strength and with great walled cities, and that the Israelites never could conquer them. Only two of them encouraged the Israelites that they were strong enough to enter in and possess the land. And though one of these was JOSHUA, the young commander of the armies, they believed him not.

It is very plain that the spirit of this people had been crushed out by their long slavery, and that they really had not the strong, free souls that would have enabled them to enter victoriously into this hostile country.

We read that they cried and wept all night; and moaned that they had not died in the land of Egypt or in the wilderness; and

rebelled against Moses and Aaron, and cried in their desperation "Let us make a captain, and let us return to Egypt."

Then the Lord revealed to Moses and to the faithful ones, that this generation could not enter into the land of promise because of their weak-heartedness and unbelief; that they must die in the wilderness; and only when their children had grown up into a stronger and braver people could they enter that beautiful land, and subdue and possess it.

"Because of unbelief!" of how many sad failures in this world is this the cause. Whenever we are too faint-hearted to do our duty, whenever we fail to enter any beautiful and blessed "land of promise" because of the enemies we fear to meet in the way, then we exhibit this same unbelief in God who has promised to help and strengthen all those who trust in him. And we are punished in the same way; we are simply left "in the wilderness" with all our doubts and fears and sufferings. The prayer of the Christian pilgrim

"Marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high,"

should always be "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

## Enigma.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 10, 21, 18, 31, is a period of time.

My 2, 16, 11, 4, we all need.

My 9, 29, 12, is an agricultural implement.

My 17, 19, 2, 31, 18, 5, 8, is a fruit.

My 15, 18, 31, 13, 3, 10, is a grain.

My 32, 22, 1, 7, is not hard.

My 25, 18, 56, 5, we should not be.

My 28, 18, 14, 23, 6, 28, 26, 27, is a flower.

My 20, 30, 24, is to perceive with the eye.

My whole are words of the Psalmist.

## Answer.

MAY 23. Leap-Frog.

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